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## FUNERAL TRIBUTE

To the Honourable Dust of that most Charitable Christian, Unbiaſſed Politician,  
And unimitable Pyrotechniſt

John Winthrop eſq:

A Member of the Royal Society, & Governour of Connecticut Colony in  
NEW-ENGLAND.

Who expired in his Countreys Service, April. 6th. 1676.

**A** Nother Black Parenthesis of woe  
The Printer wills that all the World should know  
Sage Winthrop preſt with publick ſorrow Dies  
As the Sum total of our Miſeries:  
A Man of worth who well may ranked be  
Not with the thirty but the peerleſs three  
Of *Western Worthies*, Heir to all the Stock  
Of praife his Sire received from his Flock:  
GREAT WINTHROPS Name ſhall never be forgotten  
Till all NEW-ENGLANDS Race be dead and rotten;  
That Common Stock of all his Countries weal  
Whom Grave and Tomb-ſtone never can conceal.  
Three Colonies his PATIENTS bleeding lie  
Deſerted by their great PHYSICIANS eye;  
Whoſe common fluce is pozed for their tears,  
And Gates fly open to a Sea of fears.  
His Chriſtian Modeſty would never let  
His Name be near unto his SAVIOURS ſet:  
Yet Miracles ſet by, hee'd act his part  
Better to LIFE then Doctors of his Art.  
Projections various by fire he made  
Where Nature had her common Treafure laid.  
Some thought the tincture *Philophick* lay  
Hatcht by the Mineral Sun in WINTHROPS way;  
And clear it ſhines to me he had a Stone  
Grav'd with his Name which he could read alone.  
To ſay how like a *SCEVOLA* in Court  
Or ancient *CONSULS* Hiſtories report  
I here for bear, hoping ſome learned Tongue  
Will quaintly write, and not his Honour wrong.  
His common Acts with brighteſt luſtre ſhone,  
But in *Apollo's* Art he was alone.  
Sometimes Earths veins creeping from endleſs holes  
Would ſtop his plodding eyes: anon the Coals  
Muſt ſearch his Treafure, converſant in uſe  
Not of the Mettals only but the juice.  
Sometimes his wary ſteps, but wandering too  
Would carry him the Chriſtal Mountains to  
Where Nature locks her Gems, each coſtly ſpark  
Mocking the Stars, ſpher'd in their Cloiſters dark.  
Sometimes the Hough, anon the Gardners Spade  
He deign'd to uſe, and tools of th'Chymick trade.  
His fruit of Toyl Hermetically done  
Stream to the poor as light doth from the Sun.

The laſh Garb of filks, Rich Pluſh and Rings  
Phyiſians Livery, at his feet he flings.  
One hand the Bellows hold, by t'other Coals  
Diſpoſes he to hatch the health of Souls;  
Which Myſteries this *Chiron* was more wiſe  
Then unto Ideots to Anatomize.  
But in a ſecond perſon hopes I have  
His Art will live though he poſſeſs the Grave.  
To treat the MORALS of this Healer *Luke*  
Were to eſſay to write a PENTATUKE,  
Since all the Law as to the MORAL part  
Had its impreſſion in his ſpotleſs heart:  
The vertues ſhining brighteſt in his Crown  
Were ſelf depreſſion, ſcorning all renown;  
Meekneſs and Juſtice were together laid  
When any Subject from good order ſtraid.  
Neither did ever Artificial fire  
Boyle up the Choler of his temper higher  
Then modeſt bounds. In Church and Common-wealth  
Who was the Balſome of his Countries Health.  
*Europe* ſure knew his worth who fixt his Name  
Among its glorious Stars of preſent fame. (there  
Here Royal CHARLES leads up, ſtands WINTHROPE  
Amongſt the *Virtuoſi* in the Rear:  
But for his Art with hundreds of the reſt  
He might be plac'd in Front and come a Breſt.  
What Soul in fouldings 'tother ſide the Screne  
With Souls turn'd Angels gueſs we to have been  
When firſt his Chariot wheels the threshold felt (dwelt)  
Where WINTHROPS, DUDLYS, COTTONS Spirits  
VWhat melting joys are there? Sorrows below,  
Should adequately from *New-England* flow:  
If Saints be interceſſors, heres our hope  
VVe need not be beholding to the Pope.  
VVe have as good our ſelves, an honeſt Brother  
Outvies their Saintſhip, there or any other.  
Now *Helmonts* lines ſo learned and abſtruſe  
Are laid aſide and quite caſt out of uſe:  
And Authors which ſuch vaſt expenſes ſpent  
Lye like his Corps; his Ear is only lent  
To Heavenly Harmonies, all things his Eye  
Views in the platforme whence all forms did fly;  
His labours ceaſe for ever, but the fruit  
He reaps at Fountain head without diſpute.

B. Tb ompſon.



THE TRIANGLE

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The Joint Committee on  
 Education, Science and  
 the Arts

2nd 11 1892